The Wellesley Prelude.

VOLUME I.—No. 20.

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THE WELLESLEY PRELUDE.

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All literary communications from the students of the college should be sent to MISS LAUDERBURN, through the "Prelude" box in the general office. Literary communications from outside the college should be directed to the Alumnæ Editor, Miss Edith S. Tufts, Dana Hall, Wellesley, Mass.

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TO our subscribers is due some explanation of the unfortunate delays in publishing the PRELUDE. The former publisher has been obliged to give up his contract, and through illness many complications have arisen. The editors have decided to carry on the paper, and beginning with this number they assume the financial control. They are enabled to do this by the hearty support of the students. The editors deeply regret the present state of affairs, and hope, in the future, to retrieve the reputation of the PRELUDE. If any subscribers have failed to receive previous numbers, such omissions should be reported to the editors.

FUN, what is it truly? What is it often? These two questions are perhaps never thought of for two minutes together by some of us. Fun means a good time, gained in any way, and we slip along until we find ourselves doing things that we would never think of doing for any other purpose. For example, we all know how much pure enjoyment is gained from dressing up as different characters, or nations, but do we always think what makes our fun in so doing? When ten, twelve or twenty girls appear blacked up as negroes, are we all thoughtless as to what may be a natural consequence or inference? Do not say that it is prudish to stop and think. We all know how much we have done and would do for the negroes. Some of them have been among us, and in due honor to them and to those who are working among them, we should be careful how we make them the brunt of rude jokes. It always lowers us to make fun at the expense of another's peculiarities. This, then is one danger from fun, that other people's toes may be hurt by our dancing. There is plenty of room where no one's toes can possibly be even touched, let us keep there, and be all the happier and merrier.

Another danger from fun is rudeness. We have often seen children who did not know where to stop, and that is just our trouble, we do not stop where we are having pure, happy fun, but we often carelessly let rude jests or tones or familiarities creep in, and the fun is spoiled. Another danger is of becoming boisterous, and that in turn, mingled with a touch of rudeness, becomes coarseness. Why are we ever so careless of our womanhood that we will laugh at a bit of coarse fun. Not low or base, but just a little coarse, something that lowers us for an instant. We cannot deny that these things do happen here amongst us. It is not because we do it intentionally, but because we do not think, because we do not keep before us a truly pure, reverent ideal of fun, the very best rest that we can have in one sense.

We are not mere school-girls, carried away by the breeze, we are women who should be strong and noble, and we should carry thoughtfulness and vigor, earnestness, energy and self control into our fun.

Let us never call anything fun that can hurt another's feelings, that can hinder another's growth, or make peculiar, physical burden heavier. Let us

have fun as pure and as free as the air. Let us have more of it, let it bubble up and sparkle out in every day and hour, and when we do give ourselves up to it in time, mind and body, let it be high and true; let it never be rude, irreverent or lowering, but let us feel that our power and strength of womanhood can be shown as truly in our fun as in our work. *A fun-lover.*

FAIRY GUESSES.

Whence do you guess the fairy came?
Out of the heart of a dear old dame,
  Whose ruffled cap is clouds and skies—
Mother Nature we call her name.

Where do you guess the fairy stood?
Under the shade of an autumn wood,
  Into an aster's dying eyes
Smiling sweet as a fairy could.

What do you guess the fairy wore?
A grass-green silk all frayed so sore
  That she hid the rents from the butterflies
With a tiny hoar-frost pinafore.

What do you guess the fairy ate?
Out of a curious cobweb plate
  She tasted in a dainty wise
A frozen dewdrop delicate.

What do you guess the fairy said?
"When the falling oak-leaves all turn red,
  When the lonely swallow southward flies,
'Tis time for fairies to go to bed."

What do you guess the fairy did?
She kissed her hand and down she slid
  Where all the beautiful summer lies
Under a snowy blanket hid.

How do you guess the fairy sleeps?
Well; for whenever her blue eyes peeps,
  An old nurse soothes her with lullabies.
And she will not wake till the old nurse weeps.

Katharine Lee Bates.

Christian Union.

THE PROGRESS OF '93.

After we had safely crossed the Gulf Flunk, and the great stream of Mid-year "Exams." with its mighty tidal wave, we saw before us in the distance, a great gate and upon it were written letters of gold which we could not decipher for reason of the distance. Being eager to press on, we spent several long and tedious days in hard traveling. Many and difficult questions were brought before us in those days and often, *unprepared*, we met small streams called recitations thro' which we were obliged to pass.

Now, while thus drawing toward the gate, we read in letters of gold, "St. Valentine." Curious to know what lay behind the gate, we knocked and an old man with a long white beard came out to meet us. He asked us who we were and whither bound. "We are bound for the Mount of Elections," we replied, "and can you show us the way." "Do you see yonder towering mountain?" he asked. We said,—"We think we do."

Then said St. Valentine,—"Yonder is the Mt. of Elections; keep that mount in your eyes and go up directly thereto, and when ye shall enter in, some of your pilgrims will become as bright and shining lights. There ye shall see creatures that will dazzle your eyes to look upon and there also ye shall meet with many that have gone before you to that place. None of them are *hurtful* but loving and friendly. In a word—there ye shall see some upper class-men! Will ye go up? The mountain is steep and many there be who will grow weary by the way."

Thereupon we cried,—"Yea, verily, we would go, Good Saint! Glad are we to hear these things. Come on, let us mend our pace!"

* * * * * * *

Well, on Saturday toward evening, we began to ascend the mountain and continued till almost silent time. And as we climbed, lo, our leader went on before us in all the glory and dazzling beauty of the sun! Her face shone as the light! We shouted our applause but in silence beheld an angel descending from '92. The angel being come down, we perceived that she held a beautiful wand in her hand, and having saluted our leader, thus she spoke. "I am called 'Greeting,' sent from those who have gone before. Hopefully you look into the future and eagerly you press on, but troubles may distress you along the way. Accept this wand as a sign that we have not forgotten you but are come to try you, whether you will call to mind that which hitherto you have received of our goodness. Be of good cheer! Take courage, for as long as you wield this wand, unlimited power will be yours."

Whereupon our leader modestly accepted the offering and see—even as she takes it in her hand, silence falls upon the whole multitude, while "down from the mountain top" came angel's voice sweetly singing,—

"A President you now have won
Queen Bess the III her reign begun,
And now good luck be ever yours,
Such luck as ever has been ours."

There came down also at this time to meet her, several of Wellesley trumpeters, clothed in white, who with "notes on high" and by mixing their music with looks and gestures, signified to her how welcome she was and with what gladness they came to meet her.

And now under the magical wand, we climb farther up the mountain and as we talk by the way, we behold one clothed in a beautiful white raiment, advancing to meet Queen Bess. She promises to faithfully assist her and amid great applause, passes on before us.

We are now conducted to yonder mighty pillar upon which we find written, the names of two of our pilgrims; and e'er we had finished reading we beheld the wand lifted and the two borne aloft to the top of the pillar where they found two books awaiting them. On the one, was written Corresponding, and on the other Recording Sec. and we cheered them with a right good-will.

Now while we were gazing upon all these things, with one accord we turned and from the *heart* of our company, two others came forth: They had quills behind their ears and scrolls in their hands, singing meanwhile,—

"Thus we'll set pen to paper with delight,
And quickly write our thoughts in black and white
For, having now a purpose for an end—
Still as we write, it comes, and so we pen
It down; until at last it comes to be
To our great host, a *History!*"

At a short distance and indeed, on the summit of the hill, we perceive a little white house and were for making the ascent as soon as possible. So when we were come unto the house, we knocked and one called Majority, opened the door. We begged admittance but the mighty maiden bade us withdraw from the threshold. "But few enter here" she cried "know you not that this house hath but two rooms. Two pilgrims shall enter into one of these and five into another that they may learn what the near future holds for them and go forward prepared."

And as she spake, we saw a little nut-brown maiden with a beautful white Rose emerge from our midst. Following them, were five tall maidens with many papers and with thoughtful looks. They entered the house together and our band, curious to know what mystery was hidden there, pressed eagerly toward the windows. Whereupon we perceived in the first room, a sign above the door, which was made out to be P. L. R. On the floor, were scattered many small white papers and the room was very dark for it was late and there was no oil in the lamps. But presently we perceived the maiden with the Rose to enter the room. After filling the lamps and lighting them with long tapers, she swept up the small bits of paper and withdrew quite exultingly.

Thereupon there was an exceeding great rush to the other windows but for reason of the multitude we were unable to see the mysteries within. We were told by more fortunate pilgrims that there the five tall maidens sat around a large table, appearing very thoughtful and earnest but speaking in tones too low for those who were without to hear.

There we left them and as we were weary with our climbing, we laid us down to rest.

* * * * * * *

"Now reader, I have told my tale to thee
See if thou canst interpret it for me—
Or to thyself or neighbor; but take heed
Of misunderstanding; for that instead
Of doing good, will but thyself abuse.
By misinterpreting, evil eusues."

X. Y. Z., '93.

THE REASON WHY.

BY ONE WHO CLAIMS THE YANKEE PRIVILEGE OF ANSWERING QUESTIONS BY ASKING QUESTIONS.

Why doesn't the Prelude have more articles upon live questions?

What questions would you like to have discussed? Have you sent the PRELUDE a communication upon that subject in a form suitable for publication?

Why—doesn't the Prelude have more college stories and college verses?

Have you tried to write such stories and verses.

If not, have you thought out ideas for them and suggested them to some one else?

Why—doesn't the Prelude tell us more about the alumnæ?

Are you a graduate? Have you sent the editor an account of what you are doing? Are you in college? Have you told the editor all the news you have heard about the alumnæ?

Why—doesn't the Ripples column give us more college jokes?

Did you mention to some Waban girl that first rate joke on yourself the other day? Did you not rather threaten your room-mate with dire vengeance if she breathed a word about it?

Why—doesn't the Prelude make plans for enlargement and improvement in many ways? In short why doesn't it do everything differently?

What do you do for the PRELUDE? Would you like to see it dropped? What would you be willing to do in order to avert such a catastrophe? Are you doing it? If not, do you reflect that somebody must do it? Whose business is it more than yours? And if you have a great deal of fault to find with it, DO YOU SUBSCRIBE?

Subscriber.

THE STORY OF URASHIMA TARO,

THE RIP VAN WINKLE OF JAPAN.

Urashima Taro was a very handsome young man. His father being a fisherman, he naturally liked that occupation, so he was seen in a little boat on the sea, with his hook and line, day by day, and he seemed to care for no other amusement.

Once he caught a turtle, but he let it go, saying, "Poor creature! you were deceived by my bait, and were taken by my hand. Had you been caught by another, you would probably have lost your life. Though I am a fisherman, I save you. Be cautious after this not to risk your ten thousand years of life by such a little bait." The turtle made its appearance many times before it made its last plunge, as if recognizing his mercifulness.

Some time after, when the soft morning breeze rose and the water glittered with the golden rays of the sun, as he was intently watching his hook, he caught sight of a dark object coming toward him. Nearer and nearer it came, and, to his astonishment, a tremendous turtle made its appearance; and, more than that it made some sign to him to ride on its back. With hesitation, he did as it bade him. In a moment the turtle made a sudden plunge, and went deep, deep down to the bottom of the sea, and soon came to dry land, where he saw a magnificent palace. A grand red gate, guarded by strong, well-armed soldiers, was opened for him, and the guards made most profound reverence, as if he were their sovereign.

The door of the mansion flew open, and there came a pretty maid to meet him, saying, "My lord, thy lady long waits for thee; follow me, I pray thee." So he followed her through one room to another, which were magnificent beyond description. Crossing over the bridge of corals, supported by the pillars of crystal, he was led into a spacious hall, beautifully decorated, in the middle of which, seated on an ivory throne, was Otohime, the princess of the sea, who, with her freedom of life, preserved the most delicate modesty. She was surrounded by her attendants, who stood at a little distance. The princess's golden robe and the pearls on her hair dazzled his eyes, and he did not dare to look at her. She broke the silence, and said, "Oh, my gracious lord, why speakest thou not? What makest thee look so sad? Be merry, I beseech thee!"

Taro looked up at her sweet, smiling face, and, with his cheeks glowing and his heart beating, he collected his whole strength and said, "Beautiful princess, am I on earth, in heaven, or in hell, sleeping or waking? Known to thee and to myself disguised? Command me as thy humble servant."

A feast was prepared, as if for a wedding. The table was spread with all the delicacies and choicest things the earth and sea could produce; and there was a general rejoicing in the palace. San-san-kudo, the ceremony of drinking *săkĕ* at the wedding, was performed. The bride drinks out of the first of the tiny red cups piled one upon another, then passes it to the bridegroom. He takes the second up and does the same. This is repeated three times, which makes nine in all. Hence the name: san, three; san three; kudo nine times. When this was done he was taken to a chamber decorated with precious shells and gems carved in divers figures. All this time he stood as one en-

chanted, thinking to himself: "What! was I married to her, the pretty princess of the sea, in my dream; or sleep I now, and think I hear all these?"

Thus they were united and lived happily together amid pleasure and luxury. He had all his heart could desire to have. At the end of three years he said to the Queen, "Pray, my lady, hear my request. I have left my family behind me uninformed of my departure, and no doubt they think of me and mourn for me. Let me, therefore, go to see them once more." Upon this the Queen replied, "My lord, this is the region where no human being can come. Thou hast been brought here by thy virtue, and thou shalt have an eternal life staying here with me."

Finding that nothing could induce him to stay, the Queen at last yielded to his request, and brought a *tama te bako* (a pretty lacquered box, feathered with red silk tufts), and gave it to him, saying, "Take this in remembrance of me, and think of me when thou seest it; but I caution thee not to open it, and thou shalt repent if thou heedest not my words. The time shall not outgo my thinking on thee. Let all the number of the stars give light to thy way!" Taro thanked her, and said, "Prosperity be with thee! Fare thee well!" After a most affectionate parting, the same turtle was called by the Queen to take him to the land; so he rode. They were soon on the surface of the water. The turtle left him on dry land. He saw the same sun shining brightly, and everything looked natural. The first thing he did was to look for his boat which he had left, but in vain. He hurried home, and, to his surprise, instead of being welcomed by his dear ones, the occupants of the house were strangers. The place actually no longer knew itself. "What has become of my home, my sweet home?" He was about to cry, when he met an old man, and asked him if he knew the house of Urashima, whether it was removed or swept away by the waves.

"Ha, what a funny question you ask me! When I was a little boy, I used to hear my grandmother's story about him, that he was drowned in the sea, and nothing was heard of him. This is the tradition, and what do you want to know of him for?" And he went on his way.

More and more puzzled was Taro when he heard this. Being discouraged by his unsuccessful effort to find his home, he sat down on a rock, and took out the *tama te bako*, the precious memento of the Queen, and was about to untie the string, when the thought came to his mind that he was strictly forbidden to open it. His curiosity was strongly excited. "What harm will there be if I should open it!" So he lifted the fatal lid. All at once, strange vapor rose, and, lo! the handsome youth was changed to a gray-haired man, marked with age. He fell on the ground. Instead of staying in Ringu, the palace of the sea, for three years, as he thought, he was there over three hundred years.

Kin Kato, student '89.

THE PECULIAR VALUE OF ENGLISH STUDIES.

"To be a well favored man is the gift of fortune, but to write and read comes by nature."

It would seem that our colleges must have shared in this opinion of Dogberry, judging by the amount of attention heretofore given to English studies. Many a college graduate of high standing in class has shown himself sadly deficient in the knowledge and use of his mother tongue; so many indeed as to significantly reflect upon the character of the instruction received. The past few years have brought very marked changes in this regard There are present indications that the study of English is not only considered an important part, but perhaps the most important part of a higher education. The fact is acknowledged that a college bred man should know more of his mother tongue than the mere rudiments which everyone is supposed to know. The truth is appreciated that the English studies are not pursued simply for the knowledge obtained, but for the use to be made of it, and thus belong to "that kind of knowledge, which is power."

The chief purpose of education is to enable one to think independently and clearly along the various lines of study, and effectively to communicate to others the results of his work. For facility of expression we are certainly indebted to English studies far more than any other, and there is such close and subtle connection between language and thought that each tends to clarify the other. "The

material of thought" says Lowell, "reacts upon thought itself." We would by no means undervalue other studies. Practice in the mathematics will give dexterity to the powers of the mind and a knowledge of science will broaden them; but the written essay, the critical analysis of style, the discriminating study of some great masterpiece of our literature, will inspire the mind to such clear and vigorous thinking as to entitle the study of English to a yet higher place in this development.

Moreover in one department, English offers a language study and thus shares the peculiar advantages commonly attributed to that branch of education.

Our mental horizon is constantly extending under the study of English. Literature alone is an "open sesame" disclosing to view the wisdom of centuries, and continually furnishing fresh food for thought. The farther we go in any department, the more we find to investigate; but the specialist in other branches is constantly narrowing, oftentimes to the exclusion of all save his peculiar department, while the specialist in English is ever adding to his store of general knowledge.

As the companionship of some individual acts as a tonic upon others, inciting greater intellectual activity; so the intercourse offered through English with the world's best minds produces a corresponding effect. The love and study of works of imaginatibn quickens and cultivates that of the student; the keen intellectual pleasure derived from literary studies acts as a constant incentive to farther work; thought and expression are stimulated; and the powers of production aroused to exertions of which they had not before been deemed capable.

Nor is it alone the mental energies that are thus incited and developed, but our characters are ennobled, our spiritual natures uplifted.

> "As thrills of long hushed tone
> Live in the viol, so our souls grow fine
> With keen vibrations from the touch divine
> Of noble nature's gone."

A peculiar value of the English studies is that they have for subject matter something of which constant use is to be made. In consequence, their practical value, instead of being subservient to the disciplinary as in other studies, rivals or exceeds it. Back of every practical result, however, a moment's thought will show a real self-development. Give a boy such training as will furnish him a mastery over his mother tongue either in oral or written speech, and one points to the practical result, because a visible one, but the training has been a mental growth, without which no such outcome would have been possible.

What guides us in choosing our electives? Does our college motto, "Non ministrari, sed ministrare" even occur to us at this time? Are we educating ourselves to stand apart, or to be useful and welcome members of society? Do we realize that upon leaving college the majority of our associates will care little or nothing for our languages and higher mathematics, while they will be much more alive to topics of current interest than we ourselves and oftentimes better read? The ancient philosophers doubtless had "well disciplined minds" and the world in general profited liitle thereby. But when Bacon and his followers cried out for "fruit" and man directed his brain power towards producing practical results, the world rejoiced and progressed; "Fruit" not abstract thought was what it desired.

We pass out from college halls to a busy life with little leisure for carrying out the many plans of study we had formed. The herbarium receives few additions, our mineralogical cabinet fares the same; the once familiar constellations have a strange way of playing hide and seek; and saddest of all the once loved Greek, gradually but surely becomes Greek to us. But our dear old mother tongue stands fast by us: we read, we write, we talk, from necessity as well as choice, and from the way we do these three the world judges our knowledge.

A thorough course in English proves of great help now, for by it our judgment has been so trained and taste developed that we can direct our reading to advantage, instruction in rhetoric and the oft dreaded composition have taught us how to write, while familiarity with English classics has given an unconscious ease; the study of literature has increased our command of language and given us such varied and suitable topics of thought that even our everyday talk can but be the richer for it.

A professor of chemistry, a thoroughly educated specialist once said to me, that he would give much

for a knowledge of literature and history, something he could talk about. No one would think of educating himself solely with the view of obtaining suitable material for thought and speech, but since we actually devote more time to conversation than to anything else, and that is our chief means of influencing others, is it not foolish to entirely ignore it.

Perhaps my meaning may best be shown by an illustration. It was my privilege once to have as a table companion a lady, who was a constant student of literature, and our table-talk never dragged, even though all gossip and unfriendly criticism were debarred. Nor was it a monologue, for though she told us much of value and interest, she stimulated us to do our part. Newspapers were read, literary and popular subjects discussed, and to this day that table-talk, so enjoyable and instructive remains as an inspiration to the writer.

If we are to live with our fellow-men, we certainly cannot afford to do without that training which best fits us for their society, and the study of English, broadening and enriching, stimulating and ennobling its followers, fitting them to be easy, agreeable, and instructive companions, and inspiring them with genuine and intelligent interest in the world's work present and past, should surely hold an important place in any well-devised scheme of thorough education.

Mrs. Kate Darling Filler.

SCIENCES.

Anyone who is deeply interested in the Sciences should be glad to suffer the throes of composition even, if he may thereby increase the number of those who shall develop a like interest in scientific work. Doubtless there are many, who like myself, enjoyed Greek, Latin, and especially Mathematics, but who derived the greatest satisfaction from their student life only in the later years, when they chose the Sciences as their electives. It was the opening up of an entirely new world to them, and of a very fascinating one.

The advantages to be derived from a study of the Sciences are twofold, the new methods of study and the new knowledge gained of the most intensely interesting phenomena right around us. The value of College life depends not so much upon the facts learned, as upon the training of the mind for acquiring knowledge in the future. We, who have been away from our Alma Mater for a number of years, realize this as we see the facts slipping from our memories faster and faster the while we learn to appreciate more and more the training we received. In four years only a small beginning can be made in acquiring knowledge upon so many subjects, but those methods of work and that concentration of mind can be gained which will always be helpful.

In studying Science when scientifically taught, entirely new methods of study are learned and new powers are developed. The student is no longer given a text-book, in which are laid down all the laws and principles, but instead is given the objects themselves to study, and from this study, he, as far as possible, works out the general principles. This inductive or analytic method of study as distinguished from the deductive or synthetic is carefully defined in Jevons Logic, in a chapter very dear to the heart of the Professor but fraught with sorrow for many a poor Junior. This is a most valuable method to know. The world is not full of ready made conclusions, but each one is obliged to search out what is true and essential in all that he sees and hears, study the proper relations of these facts to each other, and form his own conclusions therefrom.

The first requisite in this mode of study is a well-developed power of observation. Let the student try to describe some object to some one who has been trained as a good observer, then he will realize how little he is able to see. Never shall I forget the crest-fallen appearance of our class when we emerged from our first recitation upon the amoeba. We had studied him for hours but had not nearly exhausted his possibilities. A change for the better in our powers of observation was noticeable after a few months training. It is unnecessary to dilate upon the inestimable value this power of quick and accurate observation is in everyone's life, no matter what the surroundings may be.

Again, this mode of study calls into activity more complex mental precesses. They are required not only to describe individual objects, but to compare one with another, to trace the development of

higher forms from the lower, to think out the causes of certain characteristics or phenomena and finally to generalize from what we have seen and thought. The intellect will not atrophy from disuse, when it is given such work to do.

Now that technical skill and manual dexterity are lauded by some as playing a part in the development of the brain, that factor must not be left out of consideration. Drawing plays an important part in the study of the Sciences. The use of the microscope and preparation of specimens develop skill, accuracy and patience in manual work.

Turning from the methods of study, let us consider briefly the subjects studied. Although, the details of this knowledge, as of all others, may slip from our memories, we can never forget some of the grand principles. The earth's relation to the rest of the universe, the structure of the earth itself, the conservation of energy, the atomic theory, the fertilization of plants and all the mysteries of animal life are always sources of wonder to us. How broadening, how uplifting to trace the work of a Master hand, not only in the development of the universe and various forms of life, but also in the smallest details and the nicest adaptations! What more fascinating than the article in the October Century on Insect Botanists—which tells how certain insects visit and assist in the fertilization of certain families only, never erring in their classification no matter how dissimilar the plants to which they go. The world about us becomes a vast field for study and interest when once we learn to see with our eyes.

It was in the line of self development and not practical usefulness that this letter was to be written, but there are two things I want to mention. A knowledge of these subjects, and an interest in them is of inestimable value to all who are to become teachers on a large or small scale. Children find a most profitable and healthful interest and employment in such subjects, when they are properly presented to them. Again, as a preparation for the study of Medicine the knowledge and training gained in the study of Zoology, Chemistry and Botany are invaluable.

In conclusion, I want to urge those who are desirous of gaining the best mental discipline, and the fullest and roundest development of their mental powers to give a large place to the Sciences when choosing their electives.

Mrs. Mary Chase Kirkland.

AN ANNIVERSARY THOUGHT.

IN MEMORY HENRY F. DURANT.

If Heaven's children know of earthly joy,
Or, if our happiness makes that world bright,
Radiant one face, and glad one gracious heart,
As songs of thankfulness we sing to-night.

Thursday Night, Feb. 20, 1890.

ALLEGRO.

I.

Deftly dancing,
Coyly glancing,
Frank and free;
Sadly smiling,
Joy beguiling
Mystery.

II.

Breath from Heaven,
Life's own leven,
Essence fine;
On the morrow,
Bitter sorrow,
Grief divine.

III.

Glad Endeavor,
Ending never,
Passion's rife;
Still thoughts thronging
With their longing
All the life.

IV.

Contradiction,
Doubtful fiction
Thought above;
All pretending,
Never ending,
Art thou love?

—*Harvard Advocate.*

FOREIGN LETTER.

(continued.)

After the main part of the program had been given the whole mass of boys united in the Carmen Sæculare, a Latin song in memory of their founder, whose refrain is

Sonet ergo Fundatoris
Nomen laude dignum
Vivat Rex Eduardus Sextus
Vivat, Vivat, Vivat.

This was followed by Auld Lang Syne, sung by every body who could sing. Each person crossed his

arms and clasped hands with his neighbors and as all joined in the familiar air they kept their hands moving up and down in time to the music. I found this a somewhat difficult operation. Not so the boys; four of them, who had occupied conspicuous seats on a high radiator near us and had amused me vastly by their comments on the music, their shouts of "encore," and their tricks on one another, now rose, stood on that narrow place, took hold of hands in the way I have described, jerked their arms back and forth with such force that I expected every moment to see them all percipitated to the floor, and shouted the words at the top of their by-no-means feeble voices. The concert ended, as every concert in England does, with one verse of God Save the Queen.

After the concert we went back with our kind friend to the house supper. The dining-room had been decked with ivy and holly and a third table added at the end connecting the two long tables which were ordinarily used. At this guest table there were chairs instead of the plain "forms" guiltless of a back to which the English student is doomed throughout his scholastic career. The supper was a feast worthy of the occasion and wanting in no delicacy dear to the boyish heart. After the Latin grace had been pronounced there was a dearth of conversation for a time, but as the meal progressed, the boys waxed more talkative. When all were satisfied, our host called the company to order and proposed the first toast, that to the Queen, in response to which the first verse of the national anthem was sung in concert. The master then reviewed the history of the house for the past term, spoke of his gratification at the good health which had prevailed, at the excellent management of the house by the head boy who was to leave them, touched upon the success of the foot-ball team and, after raising a laugh at the expense of the rifle corps, proceeded to re-examine the lists which had been read at the prize-giving, commenting on the position which each boy of the house held in his form with a freedom which was really appalling. This somewhat long speech was followed by numerous songs and toasts. The toast to "the boys who are leaving" and that to "the ladies" both brought forth before the formal response, the song—

> "For they are jolly good fellows—
> It's a way we have in the army,
> It's a way we have in the navy,
> It's a way we have in the public school
> To drive dull care away."

Almost every boy had either to propose or answer to a toast, or to sing a song. Frightened? Yes, of course they were, especially as there were strangers present, but they remembered that "England expects every man to do his duty" and though a few of them stammered and hesitated in a speech, forgot the words, or gasped for breath in a song, they persevered manfully to the end. Most of them did excellently however. The boys who were leaving showed genuine attachment to the school and loyalty to the house and its master and spoke in a simple, sincere manner which must have made a deep impression on the younger boys, who had evedently enjoyed their wise rule in dormitory and foot-ball field. The toast to the ladies was responded to, according to the usual custom, by the youngest boy in the house, and a very graceful little speech he made. Among the songs of the evening we recognized The Jabberwauk, the Vicar of Bray, Landlord, Fill the Flowing Bowl, and others. At the close all rose and again united in the same fashion as at the concert in Auld Lang Syne, the boys standing on the forms meanwhile. Amid cheers for the master and his wife we went up stairs to the drawing room only to find to our surprise that it was half-past eleven and that our carriage was waiting for us. As we rode away, we felt as if we had said good-bye to old friends, and were a little sad to think that Young Brooke and Tom Brown would not be back next term.

Annie Sybil Montague, '79.

THE WEEK.

THE fires of patriotism burned brightly at Wellesley on Feb. 22. The holiday coming on Saturday made quite an extended recess, and so many availed themselves of the unusual opportunity to visit friends living near that the coaches on Friday afternoon were almost as well filled as before Thanksgiving. The celebration began the night before with sleigh-rides, and various small but delightful parties. The Freshmen I. F.'s of Stone Hall gave a unique "peanut party." Prizes were given to those who found the most and the fewest of the peanuts, well hidden away in the most inconceivable places, and also to those who guessed most and least successfully the authors of the quotations found in the hollow peanut-shells. Peanuts and peanut-candy were the appropriate refreshments. Saturday afternoon the ladies of Waban gave a Washington tea. At dinner, continental costumes were quite universal in all the College buildings. In the evening many of those living in the Main Building assembled in the Faculty parlor to play games, and a gay party of Freshmen went sleighing. Candy-pulls formed the festivities of Wood Cottage and the Eliot. In the old art gallery five Juniors gave an extremely pretty and delightful party. The capability of that room for artistic decoration was most satisfactorily demonstrated. The alcoves were tastefully arranged and pleasantly adapted for the little reception which preceded the party proper. It was a progressive angling party. Soon everyone's attention was absorbed in trying to hook the little fish, and the exciting struggle with four hocks after one fish sometimes had an exasperating ending, if the poor fish tuned out to be a zero. At a given signal, the young lady who had on her counter the most red ribbons found that she had angled so successfully as to land a pretty fish bonboniére, tied with the colors of the day, red, white and blue; and the girl whose counter was most adorned with blue ribbon realized pointedly that she had "caught a crab." After delicious refreshments were served, and the party had adjourned to Society Hall, and spent the latter part of the evening in dancing, the

departing guests most sincerely congratulated their hostess on the success of the evening's entertainment.

* * *

On Thursday evening, Feb. 20, the anniversary of of the birthday of the Founder of the College, instead of the regular Thursday evening prayer-meeting, Dr. Mackenzie spoke on some phases of Christian education, showing that the adjective "Christian" is the broadest one which can be applied to education.

Dr. A. H. Quint, of Allston, preached on Sunday, Feb. 23, from the text Matt. 27:36; "And sitting down they watched him there."

In the evening, Gen. Armstrong, of Hampden, Va., gave an extremely interesting and comprehensive address on the Indian Question, showing its relation to other mission work. There are three classes of mission fields: the natural peoples, of which class the Africans are the best example; civilized peoples, as the Chinese; and the responsive among the civilized peoples, like the Japanese. The Indians belong to the first class, whose chief characteristic is softness and easy responsiveness. Two things to be considered in working among the Indians are heredity and environment. Experience has shown that proper environment will in time overcome the influence of heredity, especially in the case of a natural people, who are not demoralized, and have not knowingly sinned against nature. The tonic touch of the Christian teacher has such an effect on the Indian that he throws off his old life like a skin. They can then be changed. They possess innate heroism and manliness, and are amenable to good influences. But it is of the utmost importance that the men with whom they come in close contact as teachers should be of strong and symmetrical character. The educated Indians become teachers, farmers, carpenters; and the record is far from discouraging. The great difficulty in the case of the civilized Indians, of Indian Territory, is caused by the old system of tribal land tenure, by which the Indian can have his land without working for it. The real barbarians are more hopeful than the civilized Indians, on this account. But the example of Oklahoma is having a wonderful effect; for it is found that these people are earnest settlers, and they are like a corner of civilization thrust into the Indians' territory. The pure bloods among the Indians are gradually dying out, but intermarrying greatly increases the numbers. There is a premium for marrying a squaw; and the large families of children are sure to be well cared for, since each child has as large an annuity as a man forty years old. We may expect a final merging of the red race with the white race. The red race always disappears before the white. The progress of commerce among the Pelopponnesian Islands was like the spread of a plague. The red race seems not to be able to control itself; rum among them does a horrid work. The three phases of the Indian Question are those of land, law, and education. As to the first, the fact of the success of putting the Indian on land of his own is beyond dispute. Education is the great point. Our attention should be concentrated on that. Bodily they are the weakest race, the effect of their past life and the disadvantages of the change to reservation life. Mentally and morally they are hopeful. His natural honesty and straightforwardness makes the Indian like the Bible better than any other book, because it is true. An immense advantage would be gained if all the Indians could be brought under the system of education and right personal influence. The hope now for the cause consists in turning public sentiment to a wholesome faith in the movement.

* * *

A meeting was held in the chapel Tuesday, Feb. 25, at 4 P. M., Prof. Coman presiding, the object of which was to investigate the condition of working women in Boston, and the best methods of assisting them. Prof. Coman read extracts from an address given not long since in Boston on the condition of working women: "The census of 1880 gives the number of working girls as 20,000 of whom 1-5 are engaged in trade and 4-5 in manufactures, the greater number of these in dressmaking and tailoring. Their average yearly income is $269 07 or $5.77 per week. The average expense is $5.64 per week. A more recent report gives the savings as even less in proportion. The women of Boston are better off than women of the South and not so well off as the women of the Northwest." Here a comparative chart was shown which indicated St. Paul as the city where the greatest amount of saving was possible. "In Boston the expense for food and lodging is greater, and that for clothing less, than in other cities. As to the conditions of the working women the striking feature of their home-life is that they have none. The lodgings are forlorn, unwholesome and immoral in many cases. Rooms cost from 75c to $2.00 per week for very poor accommodation and the food-supply is estimated at from $1.00 to $3.00 per week. Clothing is $1.47 per week. The great evil is that of irregular employment. All trades have their dull seasons. There is not enough work to go around because it is done outside of Boston—in many cases taken in by women who have homes in the country. The average lost time is 36 days in the year. This results in the degeneration of the class and the transition from skilled to unskilled labor. Work is done by contractors who introduce division of labor in unwholesome shops or lodgings at starvation wages with fierce overdriving of workers. The lady consumer can better this state of things by buying goods made by firms

known to be humane,and informing herself on the subject." Miss Calkins then made a few remarks quoting prices from Hovey's and Stearns's counters. A sewing woman from Boston is to live here (at Mrs. Bacon's) who can do work under direction at 15c per hour. The interest of the meeting was strong and many members of the College handed their names to Prof. Coman to express their readiness for active aid and with a view to the possible formation of a consumer's association.

To all lovers of good music, sympathetically rendered, the concert on Monday evening, Feb. 24, was a rare pleasure. It is needless to say that we were delighted to welcome, once more, Wulf Fries,who has so often entertained us. Ernst Perabo was comparatively a stranger to most of us, but we are glad that we can now use the past tense entirely in such a connection. Should he come again he will find in us an enthusiastic audience. His rendition of Bach, that most difficult of the old masters to correctly interpret,was marked by unusual skill and delicacy. The underlying thought in each selection was clearly and forcibly presented, especially in the Courante, number three of the Partia, and Passepied, the third number in the Suite Anglaise. The execution of Schubert's Sonata in B flat major gave the audience an excellent opportunity to judge of the performer's skill in contrasting light and shade; and in the last two movements his exquisitely fine touch was seen at its best. Chopin's Polonaise Brillante for the piano and 'cello was enthusiastically received, as it well deserved, but Wulf Fries surpassed himself in Rheinberger's beautiful sonata, while the skillful piano accompaniment left nothing to be desired. The following is the programme:

Partita, No. 6, in E minor. Bach.
- a. Toccata.
- b. Allemande.
- c. Courante.

Selections. Suite Anglaise No. 5 in E minor. Bach.
- d. Sarabande.
- e. Passepied 1 and 2.
- f. Gigue.

Introduction et Polonaise Brillante, pour Piano et 'Celle, in C, Op. 3. Chopai.

Sonata for Piano, in B flat major, without opus. Schubert.

Written in 1828.
- a. Molto moderato.
- b. Andante sostenuto.
- c. Scherzo, Allegro vivace con delicatezza.
- d. Allegro ma non troppo.

Sonata for Piano and 'Cello in C. Op. 92. Joseph Rheinberger.
- a. Non troppo Allegro.
- b. Canzonetta, Andantino.
- c. Finale, Vivo.

COLLEGE NOTES.

The '90 Legenda.

The close of '89's college course saw the greatest of her achievements while in Wellesley—the publication of a College Annual, filling a long-felt and often expressed want. As the time draws near for its re-publication, we feel that the readers of the Prelude may be wondering where '90 and the Legenda may be. The Legenda is on its way surely and we hope successfully, and hopes to be open to the public by the last of May. In general, the plan of the first volume will be followed, '89 having done her part so carefully as to have simplified greatly the matter of arrangement for future boards, but it is hoped that Volume II. may introduce new features and disclose possibilities which Vol. I. failed to fathom. Progress is an essential of life therefore we are sure we shall not be thought boastful when we say that we expect the Legenda to have progressed since its first appearance. Several new features will be introduced, as certain novelties in illustration and additions in some departments. Tree Day,Float,The Parliament,and other interesting events will have a place; while a detailed account of the Greek Letter societies, last year only in their infancy,will add interest and value to it as a publication. It is hoped that all who read the Prelude will avail themselves of this opportunity of obtaining the College news in consolidated and attractive form; to the present members of the College the exhortation is hardly necessary; every loyal College girl will support her College Annual by owning a copy; even as her loyal brother upholds his Alma Mater in her literary efforts; '89 we feel sure will be eager to view the prospect for the future of her own special protegé; and to all others who are not now members of the College we wish to recommend it as valuable for its useful and instructive as well as pleasing qualities. Our ambition is, to produce an Annual that every one interested in Wellesley will be proud to own, and it is with this hope that we introduce "in prospectus," the '90 Legenda. Orders should be sent to Miss J. B. McIver, Norumbega. Price, 75c.

On Wednesday, a mass meeting was held after chapel, when the glee club gave the college cheers. The audience was active and interested.

'91 had the pleasure of being guests of the Faculty on Monday, Feb. 24. Miss Shafer received on the second floor, where the air was heavy with the perfume of azalias. Two magnificent plants covered with white and red blossoms stood at the end of the hall and beamed a welcome upon everyone, quite as if they too were hostesses. Among the guests at the reception were Dr. Griffis, Dr. Dyke, Dr. Judson Smith, Dr. Bancroft and Dr. Little.

INTER-COLLEGIATE NEWS.

ANDOVER Theological Seminary has recently been bequeathed $26,000.

IN the report of President Eliot of Harvard University disapproval of "inter-cotlegiate leagues" is expressed.

TEXAS expended $3,200,000 for public school purposes last year, the colored children sharing equally with the whites.

THE $250,000 building erected by Miss Mary Garrett for the new college for women at Baltimore is approaching completion.

MONDAY, Feb. 2, Hon. Seth Low was formally installed president of Columbia college. All college exercises for that day were suspended.

AN addition has been made to the chemical labratory, in the shape of a complete set of electrical machines from the Edison Electrical Machine Works.

PROF. N. L. Andrews, Ph. D., LL.D., dean of the faculty of Madison University, has been chosen acting president of the institution by its board of trustees.

A CIRCULAR has been sent out by the committee in charge of finishing the Yale gymnasium, soliciting $40,000 more to complete the amount needed for land, building, and equipment.

THE Greek government has generously extended the time of the payment for the privilege of excavating at Delphi, to June 1800. It is very probable that the necessary $76,000 can be raised by that date.

CLARK University is the first institution in this country to establish the title of *docent*, which is its highest annual appointment. It is primarily intended as an honor to be awarded to those worthy of more prominent and lucrative positions as professors or assistant professors in colleges.

IT is proposed in the future to hold the annual promenades at Yale in the new gymnasium, instead of in the armory as in the past. This will very greatly reduce the lavish expenditure at present necessary.

TORONTO University was totally destroyed by fire last Friday night. It was probably the finest building in Canada, and for its purpose one of the best in this country. When the fire broke out preparations were being made for the annual conversazione, the great social event of the year, and guests had already begun to arrive. The flames spread with great rapidity, and the fine library was soon consumed. The mathematical instruments, and the valuable documents of Sir Daniel Wilson, president of the university, were destroyed.—*Ex.*

OUR OUTLOOK.

No one interested in the subject can have failed to notice that a remarkable transformation of the woman question has taken place in the past twenty years. The transition is evidently not yet complete, but the change is sufficiently marked to indicate the direction in which we are tending. Woman's sphere of usefulness, to use the old-time phrase, is enlarging every year. A recent report of the National Labor Bureau notes 343 industries in which women are engaged.

As to political power, the day of agitation for recognition is past, and the time for quiet shouldering of responsibilities is at hand. If the census of 1890 were to undertake an investigation, it would probably prove that there were more men willing to concede the right of suffrage than women ready to use it. The most difficult task of the woman suffragist, as the recent elections in Boston abundantly prove, is not to break down opposition on the part of men, but to induce women to exercise their legal privileges. What needs doing now is not to proclaim the wrongs of woman, nor to demand larger scope for her wasted powers, but to get her to meet the heavy responsibilities that are pressing upon her. The question whether women are to vote is lost in the greater question whether they will act and act wisely in behalf of the many interests demanding their service. In a recent novel, Mr. Howell describes an aristocracy of culture peculiar to America, the women of leisure. These sinecurists throng the lecture halls, support the circulating library and the morning club, entertain the latest literary star, and shine at afternoon teas, while the men of the same homes, absorbed in business, wearied with work, absent themselves from or play but a sorry part in their own drawing-rooms. The tendency on the part of the American business man to give over irksome responsibilities into the hands of women is no less marked in the way of philanthropy than in social life. As the demands of business competition tax to the utmost the time and strength of the men of our cities, an increasing share of the burden of social, educational, and philanthropic work is intrusted to women. In the schools, in the churches, in the charity organizations, even in the state charitable institutions, woman serve on boards of management and fill positions of executive responsibility to a degree which would have astonished our grandmothers.

The need of an education adequate to meet this new demand upon feminine powers is evident.

A College course, no longer a strange and dubious venture for a woman, is recognized to be the essential preparation for a strong and useful life.

Katherine Coman in Education.

WABAN RIPPLES.

FAREWELL TO CALCULUS.

Good bye, Mr. Byerly, I'm going away.
No more of your calculus after to-day;
Derivatives, increments, tangents of tau,
With mingled emotion I part with you now.
Maxima, mimima, function of x,
Words that were fraught with a power to vex,
Scorned integration—of you shall remain
No faint recollection to torture my brain.
O tergue, quarterque, beata I am!
No more of the Calculus but—the exam!

P. S.

I have flunked my last flunk,
I have crammed my last cram,
And I'll empty my brains on the final exam.

N. E. V., Vassar, '91.

SCENE I. CORRIDOR. 4 P. M.

1st CHEMISTRY Student: What are the problems for to-morrow? Are they hard?

2d DITTO: Regular *stickers*—You'll find them on the desk in the C. L. R.

SCENE II. C. L. R. 4.05 P. M.

1st STUDENT (sol.): Well, I think its pretty mean for people to take the problems away and leave nothing but the pins that held them, because they are too lazy to copy them!

[She is somewhat enlightened next day in class when she is called upon for the results of her analysis of *two pins*.

The college pin they did talk o'er,
When a Senior raised one question more:
"Why don't the Faculty have one, too?
The letter F for them would do."

The Junior slowly shook her head:
"There might come times," she gently said,
—"April first would be one, you know—
When they might not *like* to go labelled so."

MATHEMATICR CLASS. [*not* at Wellesley.]

PROBLEM concerning two men who walk toward each other. Question as to place where they will meet.

BRIGHT GIRL: I do not understand how, from the conditions of the problem, they could meet at the same time.

TEACHER reasons and explains.

B. G. [Sudden light breaking in upon her clouded mind]: Oh yes! I understand. They met at the same time, but *at different places*.

TEACHER. (After long and involved algebraic explanation): Now don't you see? What does 'b' stand for in this case?

DESPAIRING FRESHMAN: It certainly isn't brightness.

MAGAZINE REVIEWS

Education for February opens with an article by Prof. Coman on the "Preparation for Citizenship at Wellesley College." After briefly reviewing woman's need of a college education, Miss Coman shows how prepartion for citizenship is given by the courses in History, Economics, and Social Ethics at Wellesley. This article may be helpful to any who have not fully planned their college course.—"The North London Collegiate and Camden School for Girls" contains an account of the presentation of prizes in this school, by Princess Christian; and an article on Frances Power Cobbe and her work in the Anti-vivisection movement. This movement the writer of the article tells us, "interests people in England something like one's position on the temperance question in America."—"Graphic Work in the Grammar School" is of especial interest to those in the Pedagogics course. "We have a great deal to say about the necessity of making pupils think, and then have so little faith in the genuine thinking process that we shrink from it when it presents itself in its proper form, and fly to pictures and objectivities of all sorts to evade it. We must forever have things instead of ideas, objects in place of thoughts, exemplifications in lieu of law."—"The Concord of Sweet Sounds" is an earnest plea that all children shall be taught to sing, or at least to play upon some musical instrument.

The Fortnightly Review for February presents a table of contents not as interesting as common, yet there are several articles which are attractive. First, perhaps, we turn to a personal reminiscence of Marie Bashkirtseff. "It has been said that we are never so good or so bad, so happy or so unhappy, as we paint ourselves, and this tendency to overstate the case I find in Marie Bashkirtseff's journals. The colours are lurid and graphic, but in this vivid picture of a human soul I miss many of the subtler half tints. The greys are often wanting. The woman was much more human than the portrait."—"English and Americans" contains the following comparison—"America to-day marks a farther general advance in civilization than has yet been attained elsewhere. There is a more persuasive personal life there, a greater general power of the imagination, and a higher average mental and moral development than in any country in the world. But if this be true of the average, the highest quality is much rarer than in England. With more ideas as a nation than the English, if less than the French, the American is fortunate in having less fickleness than the latter, and more repose. He is more sympathetic and more appreciative than the Englishman."—Lady Dilke, writing on "Art Teaching and Technical Schools," says "the soldiers of industry have a right to be furnished with the best equipment wealth can supply or wisdom can select. It is the plain duty of the State to see that they have every means, not only of technical instruction, but of instruction in such forms of art as may give them insight into all beauty that is applicable to their work."

BOOK REVIEWS.

La Métromaine. Comedy in five acts by Alexis Pirou. Edited by Léon Delbos, Boston: D. C. Heath & Co. 40 cents. By means of this comedy which holds a high position among the comedians of the French stage, Piron secured for himself lasting reputation as a dramatist. The play which is written in Alexandrian verse abounds in humourous situations and witty conversations. The interest centers about the hero, the méfromance or poetaster, who consumed with a passion for poetry, falls in love with a lady whom he has never seen, who is known to him only by the poems she sends to the newspapers in answer to some of his own poems; this unknown charmer eventually turns out to be a man. The humor of the comedy is exceedingly good and the characters well-drawn; but it has one serious fault; it fails to hold the interest of the reader throughout; the characters in general are too colorless to enlist the sympathies. However the pure French in which it is written, and the aid given by the introduction and notes of Léon Delbos, enable it to serve excellently for class room work.

Jeanne d'Arc, by A. de Lamartine, Edited with Notes and Vocabulary by Albert Barrére, Professor, Royal Military Academy, Woolwich, England, Boston: D. C. Heath & Co., 40 cents. The history of Jeanne d'Arc and the mysteries and miracles connected with her life form one of the most interesting chapters in the history of the World's civilization. The incidents in the life of France's deliverer will always be read and wondered at, but when read as portrayed by Lamartine's poetic pen they become more charming and her day-dreams and divine guidances gain in sacredness and delicacy. Lamartine simply gives the facts of her life, giving no credence to the many traditions which have accumulated about her name since her death, but these facts are presented with the grace and carefulness of a true artist, and the book is full of pretty touches and poetical figures. This edition by Barrére is made particularly attractive by its clear print and convenient notes. There is also a good vocabulary attached which makes the reading of the book easy and pleasant. One could not find a better sample of pure, simple eloquent French in a book which treats at the same time of so fascinating a period of history.

Pierre et Camille. Edited with notes by Professor O. B. Super, Carlisle, Pa., Boston: D. C. Heath & Co. This beautiful and touching story is one of the best in the whole range of De Musst's prose writings, and is entirely free from all those objectionable features which render many stories unsuitable for the class-room.

Pierre and Camille were deaf-mutes, pupils of the celebrated Abbe de l' Epee, who was one of the first to try to teach such unfortunates, and and the story thus becomes historically interesting. The style is pure and the language simple.

A First Reader. By Anna B. Badlam. Boston,: D. C. Heath & Co. This book supplements the same author's *Primer*, and illustrates fully the methods and principles of the *Suggestive Lessons in Language and Reading* which met with such general approval when first issued. *The First Reader* is a book of 176 pages, full of pictures which please, and lessons which interest. The phonic, writing exercises and number lessons are especially helpful features of the book.

OUR EXCHANGES.

IN THE MUSEUM.

HE: That toad in the jar of alcohol ought to be happy.

SHE: Why, George?

HE: Because he's kept in good spirits.

—*Columbia Spectator.*

HIS PREROGATIVE.

JOHNNY—"Oh, my prerogatives are chapped."

FATHER—"Why, what do you mean, Johnny—your lips?"

JOHNNY—"I always thought they was lips until last night when I saw that college feller kissing sister in the hall, and when I asked him what he was doing he said he was only exercising his prerogative, so of—"

SISTER: "Pa, will you put Johnny to bed?"—*Ex.*

"Breezes, breezes, breezes blowing
From the western sea,
From the sunset glowing, glowing,
What have ye for me?"

"We have brought thee love unfailing
From the western sea,
From thy lover sailing, sailing,
Sailing home to thee."

"Breezes, breezes, breezes blowing
To the western sea,
To the sunset glowing, glowing,
Bear ye this from me;

Bear ye safe my love unfailing
To the western sea,
To my lover sailing, sailing,
Sailing home to me."

—*Vassar Miscellany.*

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